



To Rev. H. C. Macdowall.
a zealous promoter of true art,
this little work is most respectfully dedicated.



Little Songs for Little Singers



Words by S. M. A.

MUSIC BY

E. J. Biedermann.



1. GOD'S LITTLE GARDEN.....
2. THE NAUGHTY BUTTERFLY.....
3. DAFFODILS..... 40
4. SLEEPY SUE.....
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8

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DAFFODILS.

Words by S. M. A.

Music by E. J. Biedermann.

Moderato.

p

p ritard.

Tempo di Valse.

POLLY (to the Chorus.)

mp

Go my sis-ters to the wood We will make a gar-land fair,

Tempo di Valse.

p

For our Fa-ther kind and good, Res-ting in his rus-tic chair:

CHORUS.

mf

Yes: we'll wan - der to the wood; Hy - ing o - ver

mf

all the hills; Brin - ging to our Fa - ther good

f

All the pret - ty Daf - fo - dils. Yes: we'll wan - der

f

to the wood; Hy - ing o - ver all the hills;

Brin - ging to our fa - ther good All the pret - ty

Daf - fo - dils, Daf - fo - dils, Daf - fo - dils. (exeunt Chorus.)

più mosso
f più mosso

f



*Here Polly commences making a wreath.

POLLY. **Tempo I.**



*Enter Chorus.

mf
 Laugh - ing, sing - ing, Hark! they come
 Nay, I will not make a wreath All of
 (2nd verse very agitated.)

mf

sha - dy lin - den lane. Say! what have ye
 Daf - fo - dils in - deed If ye have naught

f

brought me home Jes - sie, Co - ra, Kate and Jane?
 else be - neath Take a - way the ug - ly weed.

Allegro. *ff* ri - tar dan - do
 Say! what have ye brought me home Jes - sie, Co - ra, Kate and Jane?
 If ye have not else be - neath Take a - way the ug - ly weed.

Allegro. *ff* ri - tar - dan - do

CHORUS.

Tempo I.

f We have been where breez-es blow, Hunt-ing horns up-
Wood-bine from the gar-den wall Ai-ra from the

f

on the hills, We have wander-ed high and
for-est rills, But the dain-tiest flowers of

ritard.
low; And we've brought you Daf-fo-dils.
all Are the gold-en Daf-fo-dils.

ritard.

* Chorus circling around Polly and throwing various flowers at her.

a tempo
We have been where breez-es blow, Hunt-ing horns up-
*Wood-bine from the gar-den wall, Ai-ra from the

a tempo
f

on the hills. We have wander-ed high and low;
for-est rills But the dain-tiest flowers of all

And we've brought you Daf-fo-dils. We have
Are the gold-en Daf-fo-dils. Scar-let

been where breez-es blow, Hunt-ing horns up-
Pop-pies grow-ing tall, Ros-es sweet-est

on the hills We have wander-ed high and
o-dor fills; But the dain-tiest flowers of

low *And* *we've brought* *you* *Daf - fo - dils,*
all *Are* *the* *gold - en* *Daf - fo - dils,*

Daf - fo - dils, *Daf - fo - dils.*
Daf - fo - dils, *Daf - fo -*

1.

dils. _____

(Polly, having completed the wreath, offers it to the most distinguished guest.)

ff

2.